

## The second part of

*Hof.* Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

*Falst.* Didst thou heare me?

*Prince* Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

*Falst.* No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

*Prince* I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

*Falst.* No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

*Prince* Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse Hall.

*Poynes* No abuse?

*Falst.* No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

*Prince* Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

*Poynes* Answer thou dead elme, answer.

*Falst.* The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

*Prince* For the weomen.

*Falst.* For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

*Hof*

## Henry the fourth.

*Hof.* No I warrant you.

*Falst.* No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

*Hof.* Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a

*Prince* You gentlewoman.

(whole Lent?

*Dol* What saies your grace?

*Fal.* His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

*Peyto knockes at doore.*

*Hof.* Who knockes so lowd at doore? looketoo'th doore there Francis.

*Prince* Peyto, how now, what newes?

*Peyto* The King your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along

Imet and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Prince* By heauen Poynes, I feele me much too blame, So idely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of cominotion like the south.

Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,

Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe good night.

*exeunt Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Now coms in the sweetest morfell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore, how now, whats the matter?

*Bar.* You must away to court sir presently, A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musitions sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol, you see my good wenches how men of merrite are fought after, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe ere I goe.

E 3

Dol.